Why Emile Has A Skull On His Helmet

by Fuego En Mi Corazon

Summary: Told from the innocent view of a young Spartan candidate,
the story of why Emile has a skull on his helmet. Multiple references
to Spartans as robots, and robot/men. Very short.

**How Emile got a skull on his helmet. One shot, please review.**

" Mommy, who is he? ", I asked, dragging in the robot behind me. For
some reason, this scared the life out of my mother. For a robot, he
moved pretty fluidly. I was a bit surprised when I saw him creeping
around the house, but I figured out he was only a little shy, so I
introduced myself and took him in to see Momma. That was kinda hard
because he kept trying to pull away, and saying rude things. He even
talked to someone through a radio, and it sounded like that person
was laughing hard, so I figured they were good robots. Every time he
pulled away from me, I grabbed him again, and he said some bad word,
and the voice on the radio laughed again. I marched him right into
the house to Momma.

" Who are you? ", Mommy asked. The robot took off his head then,
because someone behind Mom told him to, and I found out he was not a
robot, but a man in a suit, and so was the person behind Mom.

These people started talking to Mom about taking me away to a school,
and she didn't seem very happy at the mention of that. I heard the
word "Spartan" tossed around quite a bit, and wondered if that was
what the robot/men were. While I tried to listen, they got into a
really, really boring conversation. The helmet the man had on his
head was sitting on the floor next to the couch, so I snuck up and
dragged it away into my room. It was super-heavy, shaped like a dome
and plain in the front. It shone a little in the light from my lamp,
but it was so plain I wanted to do the man a favor and decorate it,
so I got down the permanent markers and glue to do so.

I couldn't find anything to glue to it, and I was a bad drawer, but nonetheless, I braved it out and picked green, yellow, and pink as my colors. The man seemed grumpy, so, I thought, he might like to see some flowers from inside the helmet.

I began with the stems, in greens, but the helmet was a dome, so I slipped and made a third stem on accident. I repeated one of the words I heard him use. The yellow went on well, and the pink petals finished the look nicely. I even added a butterfly.

My mother's footsteps thudded up the stairs to my room. For a second, I wondered if maybe I shouldn't have drawn on the helmet. Then I knew, because the big, shy man was behind Momma and _she_ was swearing. " Give me some white paint! ", he ordered Momma, and she got it right away, then scooped me up and told me to stay seated in the kitchen chair. The other two big robots still had their heads on, and went up to see my amazing work of art.

I waited a good fifteen minutes before the critics came down the stairs, with my original helmet. The big robot man was wearing the helmet, but instead of the bright scene I envisioned the portrait of a dead man's white face covered the illustration completely. I'll admit the sight shocked me at first, but I quickly recovered, and apologized by saying, "I'm sincerely sorry you did not like my artwork."

The man/robotic thing seemed to look at me through his helmet, but he was called away by the others.

To this day, I still don't understand why he didn't like it. You just can't please some people, I guess.

**The Spartan candidate is not a canon character, I really don't plan on adding to this story. But before I read the 'Fistful Of Arrows' comic, I had always wondered why Emile had a skull on his helmet, so I answered my own question. Wouldn't it be funny if the kid that drew on Emile's helmet was recruited and actually was taught by Emile? LOL**


End
file.